

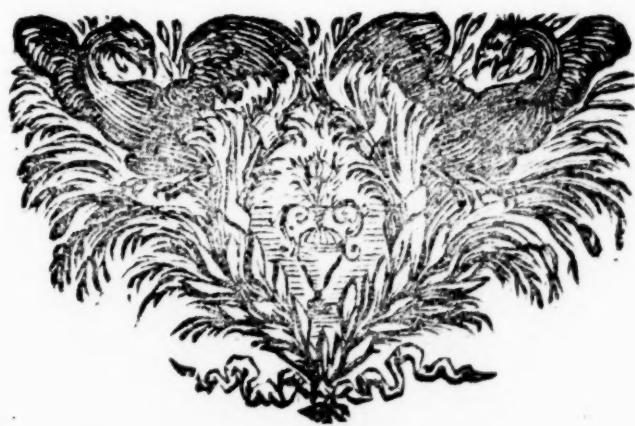
THE  
L O N D O N  
S P Y.

For the *Month of June*, 1699.

P A R T V I I I.

The Second Edition.

By the Author of the Trip to *JAMAICA*.



LONDON, Printed and Sold by *J. How*, in the *Ram-Head-Inn-Yard*, in *Fanchurch-Street*, 1702.



Acquired by the Bodleian Library in the year 1800

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# THE L O N D O N S P Y.



O R want of Glasses to our Coach, having drawn up our Tin Sashes, pink'd like the bottom of a Cullender, that the Air might pass thro' the holes, and defend us from Stifling, we were convey'd from the Fair, thro' a suffocating Cloud of Dusty Atoms, to St. James's Pallace, in Reverence to which we alighted and discharg'd our Grumblings *Essedarious*, who stuck very close to our Backsides, and Mutter'd heavily, according to their old Custome, for t'other Six-pence, till at last moving us a little beyond our Patience, we gave an Angry Positive Denial to his Unreasonable Importunities; and so parted with our Unconscionable Carrion-Scourger, who we found, like the rest of his Fraternity, had taken up the Miserly Immoral Rule, *viz. Never to be satisfied.*

We pass'd thro' a Lofty Porch into the first Court, where a parcel of Hob-nail'd Loobies were gazing at the Whales Rib with great amazement; being busily consulting what Creature it could be that could produce a Bone of so unusal a Magnitude. Who should come by in this Interim, but a *Fingalian* Conjuror, posting to (as my Friend supposed) Duke *Humphery's* Walk in the Park, to pick his Teeth, and Loiter away his Supper-time. But seeing the Country Hobbies stand gaping at this puzzling Rarity, he put in amongst the rest, to deliver his Judgment of this amazing Object. *I Pray you Sir* (says one of the Countrymen to him) *what sort of a Bone do you take this to be?* To which the Captain, after taking a little Snush, most Judiciously replied, *By my Shoul, Egra, I believe it is the Jaw Bone of the Ash, wid which Shampson Kill'd the Philischines: And it ish nail'd up here dat no body shou'd do any more Mischief wid it.* I wonder, said another of the Plough-Jobbers, *how he could use it, 'tis such a huge unweildy Weapon?* By my Shoul replied Teague, *Let Shampson look to dat his own self, for it ish none of my Business.*

From thence we went thro' the Pallace into the Park, about the time when the Court Ladies raise their extended Limbs from their  
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downy Couches, and Walk into the Mall to refresh their Charming Bodies with the Cooling and Salubrious Breezes of the Gilded Evening. We could not possibly have chose a Luckier Minute, to have seen the delightful *Park*, in its greatest Glory and Perfection; for the brightest Stars of the Creation, sure (that shine by no other Power than humane Excellence) were moving here, with such awful State and Majesty, that their Graceful Deportments bespok 'em Goddesses. Such merciful Looks were thrown from their engaging Eyes upon every admiring Mortal, so free from Pride, Envy, or Contempt, that they seem'd, contrary to Experience, to be sent into the World to compleat it's Happiness. The wonderful works of Heaven were here to be Read in Beauties Characters. Such Elegant Compositions might be observ'd in the sundry Frames of Woman, that it's impossible to conceive other, than such Heavenly Forms to be perfected after the Unerring Image of Divine Excellence. I could have gaz'd for ever with unexpressible Delight, finding in every Lovely Face, and Magnificent Behaviour, something still New to raise my Admiration, with due respect to the Creator, for imparting to us such shews of Celestial Harmony in that most fair and Curious Creature, Woman.

**W**oman (*when Good, the best of Saints*)  
*That Bright Seraphick Lovely She!*  
*Who nothing of an Angel wants,*  
*But Truth and Immortality.*

*Whose Silken Limbs, and Charming Face,*  
*Keeps Nature Warm with Am'rous Fire,*  
*Was she with Wisdom Arm'd, and Grace,*  
*What greater Bliss could Man desire.*

*How Smoothly would our Minutes slide?*  
*How Sweetly Lovers must accord?*  
*Had she but Wit herself to guide,*  
*Or Prudence to Obey her Lord.*

*Few Troubles would our Lives annoy,*  
*Could Man in Wav'ring Beauty trust;*  
*But her Misguidance mars the Joy,*  
*Thro' want of Wisdom to be Just.*

*Adam no Paradise had Lost,*  
*Had Eve not Disobedient been;*  
*Her wand'ring inclination cost*  
*The Price of Happiness for Sin.*

*How Blest a Marry'd State would be,*  
*Were but her Temper and her Love,*  
*From Lust and Revolution free;*  
*How great a Blessing would she prove!*

*But Pride of being Great and Gay,*  
*Tempts her to deviate, by degrees,*  
*From Virtue's Paths, and run astray,*  
*For Gawdy Plumes and Lolling Ease.*



*Thus once defil'd she soon grows Lewd,  
Like Angels fallen from Purity,  
Pursuing Ill, disdaining Good;  
And Envies what she cannot be.*

*Could Beauty in her Dressing-Glass  
The Charms of Innocence but see,  
How Virtue Gilds her awful Face,  
She'd prize the darling Raritie.*

*For she that's Lovely, Just, and Kind,  
Does Blessings to a Lover bring;  
But if her Honour's once resign'd,  
Tho' Fair, she's but a Poys'nous Sting.*

Tho' I was greatly affected with the Majestick Deportment of the Female Sex, each looking with a Presence as well worthy of *Diana's* Bow, or *Bellona's* Shield, as the Golden Apple of *Venus*, yet I could by no means reconcile my self to the Sheepish Humility of their Cringing Worshippers, who were Guilty of so much Idolatry to the Fair Sex, that I thought the Laws of the Creation were greatly transgressed, and that Man had dwindled from his first Power and Authority into Pusillanimity and Luxury; and had suffered deceitful Woman to cozen him of his Prerogative. For the Men look'd so Effeminate, and shew'd such cowardly tameness by their Extravagant Submission, as if they wanted Courage to Exercise their Freedom which they had a Just Title to use. It seem'd to me as if the World was turn'd Top-Side-turvy; for the Ladies look'd like undaunted Heroes, fit for Government, or Battle, and the Gentlemen like a parcel of Fawning, Flattering Fops, that could bear Cuckoldom with Patience, make a Jest of an Affront, and swear themselves very faithful and humble Servants to the Petticoat: Creeping and Cringing in dishonour to themselves, to what was Decreed by Heaven their Inferiours; as if their Education had been amongst Monkeys, who (as it is said) in all cases give the pre-heminence to their Females.

Having thus seen what the Mall afforded, we stept over its board-ed Bounds into Duke *Humphery's* Walk, as my Friend inform'd me, where he shew'd me abundance of our Neighbouring Bull-Factors, distinguishable by their Flat Noses and Broad Faces, who were walking away their leisure hours beneath the Umbrage of the Lime Trees; and crawling about backwards and forwards, like so many Stragling Caterpillars in a Grove of Sycamores, who for want of other Food, are ready to devour the very Leaves that bred them: So these look'd as sharp as if they were ready to swallow their best Friends for want of other Subsistence. This Walk, says my Friend, is a rare Office of Intelligence for a Woman as Rich as Lewd, to furnish her self with a Gallant that will stick as close as a Crablouse to her *Nunquam Satis*, if she will but allow him good Cloaths, three Meals a Day, and a little Money for *Usquebaugh*. If she likes him, when she has him, she need not fear Losing him as long as she's worth a Groat; for they are very con-



stant to any Body that has Money, and will measure out their Affections by her Generosity: and she will surely find (at her own cost) that nothing but her Poverty will make him look out for a new Mistress. The worthy Gentlemen who chiefly frequent this Sanctuary, are Non-Commission Officers. I mean not such who left their Commissions, but such as never had any; and yet would be very angry should you refuse to Honour them with the Title of Captain, tho' they never so much as traild a Pike towards the deserving on't.

From thence we walk'd into the *Parade*, which my Friend told me, us'd, in a Morning, to be cover'd with the Bones of Red-herrings; and smelt as strong about Breakfast time as a Wet-Salters shop at Midsummer. But now, says he, its perfum'd again with *English* Breath; and the Scent of *Oroonoko* Tobacco no more offends the Nostrils of our Squeamish Ladies, who may now pass backwards and forwards free from all such Neufances; and, if with Child, without the danger of being frighted at a terrible pair of Whiskers.

From thence we walk'd up to a *Canal*, where Ducks were frisking about, and standing upon their Heads; showing as many Tricks in their Liquors as a *Bartholomew-Fair* Tumbler. Said I, to my Friend, His Majesties Ducks are wond'rous Merry. He replying, Well they may, for they are always Tippling. We then took a view of the fam'd figure of a *Gladiator*, which indeed is well worthy of the place it stands in; for the exactness of its Proportion, the true placing and expressing of the exterior Muscling Veins and Arteries, show such a perfection of Art, that Justly deserves our Admiration. Behind this Figure upon the foot of the Pedestal, my Friend and I sat down to please our Eyes with the prospect of the most delightful Aquaduct, and to see its Feather'd Inhabitants, the Ducks, divert us with their sundry Pastimes. In which Interim, who should come up to the front of the *Gladiator*, but two or three merry Buxom Ladies, who I suppose by their Exceptions against the Statue, were Women of no little Experience, but very competent Judges of what they pretended to be Judges of. One of them more forward to Araign the Artist than the rest, (not knowing we were behind) express'd herself with abundance of Scorn and Contempt, after this manner, *viz.* *Is this the fine proportion'd Figure I have heard my Husband so often brag on? Its true, his Legs and Arms are strong and manly: But look, look, Cousin, what a Bauble it has got!* With that my Friend starts up, You must consider Ladies (says he) in the time when this was made, Women did not wear their Consciences so large as they do now a days. At which, like a company of merry Wagtails, they run away Tittering and Laughing.

We arose from thence, and walk'd up by the Decoy, where Meanders glid so smoothly beneath their Osier Canopies, that the calm Surface seem'd to express nothing inhabited this Watry-Palace but Peace and Silence. I could have wish'd my self capable of living obscure from mankind in this Element like a Fish, purely to have enjoy'd the pleasure of so delightful a fluminous Labyrenth, whose Intricate Turnings so confound the Sight, that the Eye is still in search of some new Discovery, and never satisfied with the tempting variety so Artificially order'd in so little a Compass.

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We turn'd up from thence into a long Lime-Tree-Walk, where either Art or Nature had carefully preserved the Trees in such exact proportion to each other, that a Man would guess by their appearance they all aspire in Heighth, and spread in Breadth to just the same Dimensions, and confine the leaves and Branches to an equal Number. Beneath whose shady Influence were pensive Lovers whispering their Affections to their Mistresses, and breathing out despairing Sights of their desired Happiness. Here also were the tender Off-spring of Nobility handed by their fresh-look'd Nurses, to strengthen and refresh their feeble Joints, with Air and Exercise, suitable to their childish weakness; and some having started more forward in their Infancy, were accompany'd with their Tutors, showing such manliness in their Presence, and such Promises of Vertue in their Propitious Looks at Ten or a Dozen years of Age, that they seem'd already fortified with Grace, Learning and Wisdom against the Worlds Corruptions.

The Termination of this delectable Walk was in a Knot of Lofty Elms, by a Pond side; round some of which were commodious Seats, for the tired Ambulators to refresh their weary Pedestals. Here a parcel of old worn-out *Cavaliers* were conning over the *Civil-Wars*; and looking back into the History of their past Lives, to moderate the Anxiety and Infirmary of Age with a pleasing reflection of their Youthful Actions.

Amongst the rest, a Country Cormudgeon was standing with his back-side against a Tree, leaning forward on his Oaken companion, his Staff; and staring towards the top of a high adjacent Elm; Pray, said I, Friend, what is it you are so earnestly looking at; who answered me, *At yonder Birds-nest*. I further ask'd him what Birds-nest is it? Who reply'd, *What a foolish Question you asken me! Why did you ever know any thing but Rooks build so near the Kings Palace?* Whose Innocent Return put my Friend and I into a Laughter. I ask'd if he did not think they were very noble Trees? Yes, sure, says he, *if the Kings Trees should not be Noble, pray whose should?* I mean, said I, don't they Thrive and Spread finely? *They have nothing else to do*, says he, *as I know on; Every thing Thrives that stands upon Crown Land, sure, and so does my Landlord.*

Having now seen chiefly what the *Park* afforded, we sat our selves down beneath the pleasant Umbrage of this most stately Arbour, by the Pond side, where I compos'd this following Acrostick on Saint James's Park at the Readers Service.

S ure Art and Nature, no where else can show  
A Park where Trees in such true order grow.  
I n Silver streams the gentle Isis here  
N o Banks o'er flows, yet proudly swells so near,  
T hat makes the pleasing Cup just brimming full appear.

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*I n Summers longest days, when Phebus takes  
A Pride to pierce the thickest Shades and Brakes,  
M ay Beauties walk beneath a Verdant Skreen,  
E xempt from Dust, and by the Sun unseen:  
S o thick of Leaves each Plant, so green the Grass,  
S ure Mortal never view'd a sweeter place.*

*P revailing Ladies meet in Lovely Swarms,  
A nd bless each day its Umbrage with their Charms.  
R ev'rence the Stuarts Name for this herat'er,  
K ing James the First Club'd Wood, His Grand-son Charles found Water.*

When by an hours enjoyment we had render'd the Beauty of the *Park* but dull and flat to our pall'd Appetites, we began to think of some new Object that ought to Feast and Refresh our tired Senses, with Pleasures yet untasted. Accordingly we took our leaves of the *Park*, with the same willingness as Lovers turn their Backs upon their Mistresses, when by a vigorous repetition of Embraces to engage her Affections, he has turn'd the delight into a Servile Drudgery. We went thro' a narrow Passage that directed us towards *Westminster*, in order to take a view of that Ancient and renown'd Structure the *Abby*, to which I was an utter Stranger. When we came in sight of which, I could not behold the out-side of the Awful Pile without Rev'rence and Amazement. 'Twas rais'd to that Stupendious Heighth, and Beautified with such Noble Ornaments, wherein the bold strokes of excelling Artists will always remain Visible: The whole seeming to want nothing that could render it truly Venerable. We pass'd by that Emblem of Mortality the *Charnel-house*, where Poets, Priests, Pimps, and Porters, lay their empty heads together, without envy or distinction. And on the North-side enter'd the Magnificent Temple with equal Wonder and Satisfaction; which entertain'd our Sight with such worthy Monuments and astoinshing Antiquities, that we knew not which way to direct our eyes, each object was so engaging. We took a general Survey of all that's to be seen in the open parts of the Church, where almost every Stone gives a brief History of the Memorable Actions due to their Pious Ashes to whom the Table appertaineth. By this time the Bells began to Chime for Afternoon's Prayers, and the Quire was opened, into which we went amongst many others, to pay with rev'rence that Duty that becomes a Christian: Where our Souls were elevated by the Divine Harmony of the Musick, far above the common pitch of our Devotions, whose Heavenly Accents have so sweet an Influence upon a Contrite Heart, that it strengthens our Zeal, fortifies the loose Imagination against wandering Thoughts; and gives a Man a taste of Immortal Blessings upon Earth, before he is thoroughly prepar'd for the true Relish of Celestial Comforts.

When we had given our Souls the Refreshment of this Enlivening Exercise, we made an Entrance into the East-end of the *Abby*, which was Lock'd, and paid a visit to the Venerable Shrines, and Sacred Monuments of the dead Nobility; where the Memorable Vertues, and Magnanimous Actions of our Heroick Princes are faithfully convey'd to their Posterity,



Posterity, by the sundry Inventions of our Ingenious Ancestors, as Epitaphs, Effigies, Arms, Emblems, and Heiroglyphicks.

When we had satisfied our selves with a view of these ancient Curiosities, we ascended some stone steps, which brought us to a Chappel, that may Justly claim the Admiration of the whole Universe, such inimitable Perfections are apparent in every part of the whole Composure, and looks so far exceeding Humane Excellence, that a man would think it was knit together by the fingers of Angels, pursuant to the directions of Omnipotence.

From thence we were conducted by our little Guide, to King *Charles* the Seconds Effigies; and as much as he excell'd his Predecessors in Mercy, Wisdom, and Liberality, so does his Effigies exceed the rest in Liveliness, Proportion, and Magnificence.

Having now satisfied our Curiosities with a Sight of what was chiefly admirable, we came again into the Body of the Church, where my Friend and I began to consider of some few things which we did not think were consistant with Reason, or the Glory of that Power to whom the Holy Pile is dedicated, which are these.

1. *That the Parish Poor of St. Margarets should be suffered to Beg within the Abby, even in Prayer-time.*
2. *That those who are chosen as particular Agents in the Service of God, should be permitted to Sing in the Play-house.*
3. *That the Monuments should lye Defac'd, some with their Hands off, and some with their Feet off, Lying by them without Reparation.*
4. *That Women should have Hebrew, Greek, and Latine Epitaphs, who never understood a Word of the Languages.*
5. *That Ben. Johnson should want a Tomb; and lye buried from the rest of the Poets.*
6. *That the Monument of Esquire Thin, whose Death was so remarkable should be without any Inscription.*

Having now satisfied our Senses with the sight of the sundry Curiosities contain'd within this Reverend Building, being Term-time, we steer'd our course towards *Westminster-Hall*: But just as we came out of the North Porticum of the Abby, a company of Trainbands were drawn up in the Yard, in order to give their Captain a parting Volley. I could not forbear Laughing to see so many Greasy Cooks, Tun-bellied Lick-spiggots, and fat wheefing Butchers, sweating in their Buff Dublets, under the Command of some fiery fac'd Brewer, whose Godgel-Gut was hoop'd in with a Golden Swash, which the Clod-scul'd Hero became as well as one of his Dray-Horses would an embroider'd Saddle. When the True Blue Officer (over thoughtful of Hops and  
Graines)



Grains) hal'd by two or three Mistaken Words of Command hussled his Courageous Company into close confusion, instead of Order, he bid 'em *Make Ready*; which made half of them change Colour, and show as much Cowardice in cocking of their Muskets, as if half a dozen Turks had fac'd 'em and frighted 'em with their Whiskers. Then the noble Captain advancing his silver-headed Cane, formally held up between both his hands, gave the terrible Word *Fire*, stooping down his head like a Goose under a Barn-door, to defend his eye-sight from the flashes of the Gun-powder. In which Interim, such an amazing clap of Thunder was sent forth from their Rusty Kill-Divels, that it caused fear and trembling amongst all those that made it; for which the little Boys gave 'em the honour of a great hollow; and away trudg'd the foundred Soldiers home to their Wives, well satisfied.

We then March'd forwards towards the *Palace-yard*, which we found as full of Hackney-Coaches, as *Greys-Inn-Walks* of Hackney Whores on a Sunday after Sermon; standing rank and file in as much order, as if they had been Marshal'd by the *Fleet-street* Deadmonger ready for a Funeral. When we had made more Turnings and Windings amongst the Coaches, than ever were known in Fair *Rosamonds* Bower, we arriv'd at the Hall-Gate, within-side of which, innumerable crowds of Contending Mortals were swarm'd at every Bar, where the black Syrens of the Law, with Silver Tongues and Gilded Palms, were Charming the ears of the Judges with their Rhetorical Musick. We first gave our attention at the *Common-pleas*, where my Friend and I were much delighted, sometimes with Elegant Speeches from the Bench, as well as the pleasing Eloquence and powerful Reasonings at the Bar.

There happen'd an Old Yeoman to be a witness in one Cause, that had sworn very heartily and knowingly in a matter of great Antiquity, so that the Council on the Oposite side, ask'd him *How old he was?* To which he answered, at first, gravely in these words. *I am old enough to be your Father; and therefore I hope, young Man, you will give that respect to my Gray Hairs that is due to 'em?* That, reply'd the Council, *is no Answer to my Question. I desire to know how many years old you account your Self; for I am very apt to believe you have Sworn positively to some-things that are beyond your knowledge. I would have you consider, Sir, says the old Gentleman, I am of a very great Age: I am in my fourscore and Seventeenth year, and yet, I thank God for it, I have Memory and Sense-enough left still to make a Knave an answer.* with that the Court burst into a Laughter, which dash'd the Lawyer out of Countenance, and made him asham'd of making any further Interrogatives.

From thence we mov'd towards the upper-end of the Hall, thro' such a crowd of Jerry Black-acres, that we were shov'd about like a couple of Owles, falln into a great company of Rooks and Jackdaws. As we were thus Squeefing along, towards the Chancery-Bar, a couple of Country Fellows met, and Greeted one another after the following manner. *How dy'e Neighbour?* says the one, *Is your Sewt ended yet?* *No trowly,* says the other, *nor can any Body tell when it wool.* *To Spaik the truth, Neighbour, I believe my Returney's a Knave.* *How shid a be o-ther,* reply'd the first, *for thou seeest there are so many of 'em here, that it's impossible they shid live honestly one by another.* We



We were now got to the *Chancery*, where so many smooth Tongues were so vigorously contending for Equity, that we found by their Long Harangues, and strenuous Arguments, it was not to be obtain'd with little difficulty. Whilst we were giving our attention to that engaging harmony, which flow'd with such a careless fluency from their well-tun'd instruments of Oratory, a cause was call'd on, wherein a Taylor happen'd to be a chief witness; the Council on the other side knowing his Profession, took an occasion to give him this Caution, *viz. I understand Friend you are by Trade a Taylor: I would advise you to use more Conscience in your Depositions than you do in your Bills, or else we shall none of us believe you.* Truly, Sir, says the Taylor, *our Trade, I must confess, does lye under a great Scandal; but if you and I were in a Room together, and the Devil should come in and ask for a Thief and a Lye, I wonder which of us should be most frightned?*

We adjourn'd from thence to the *Kings-Bench-Bar*, where two Pleaders, very eager in dispute, were mixing their Arguments with some Reflections one upon another. A Country man happening to stand just by us, seem'd mightily pleas'd to hear 'em at such variance; at last, being unable to contain himself any longer, breaks out into these Words, *viz. Well said Efaith; this I hope will make the old Proverb good, That when Knaves fall out, Honest men will come by their Right.* A little after one of the Council, in a heat, happen'd to rashly say, *If what he had offer'd was not Law, he'd Justify the Law to be a Lottery.* Upon which, says the Countryman, *I wish heartily it was so, for then it would be put down by the late Act of Parliament; and I should sling away no more Money at it; for I am sure it has kept me and my Family as poor as Job this fifteen years.*

From thence we walk'd down by the Semstresses, who were very nicely Digitising and Pleating Turnovers and Ruffs for the young Students, and Coaxing them with their Amorous looks, Obliging Cant, and Inviting Gestures, to give so extravagant a Price for what they Buy, that they may now and then afford to fling them a Nights Lodging into the Bargain.

We now began to take notice of the Building, which to me seem'd as Noble as 'twas Ancient: And looking upwards, could do no less than greatly admire the Timber Roof, being finely built after the Gothick Order. But that which was chiefly to be observ'd in it was, the Cleanliness thereof, it being as free from Dust and Cobwebs, as if 'twas rais'd but Yesterday. Which, says my Friend, occasions some People to conjecture it is built with *Irish Oak*, to which is ascrib'd this Miraculous Virtue, *viz. That no Spiders, or any such sort of Nauseous, or Offensive Insects, will ever breed or hang about it.* And, said I, are you apt to give Credit to this Vulgar Error; and attribute it's Cleanness to any Quality of the wood? No, says he, I am apt to believe all such notions to be Vain and Fabulous; and that its continuing free from all such Nasty Vermin, proceeds from another Reason. Pray, said I, let's hear your conjecture concerning it? For I assure you, I look upon it to be very strange that a Wooden Roof of such Antiquity, should be so very free of all that Filth which is most commonly collected in such old Fabricks: Why then, says he, I'll frankly tell you my Opinion, which  
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If it seems incongruous to your Reason, I hope you will be so Friendly as to excuse my weakness. You must consider, says he, that the young Lawyers are unhappily liable to abundance of Mischances, and often require the use of Mercury to Repair their Members, some subtle particles of which being emitted with their Breath, ascend by their Volatility to the top of the Hall, where it Condenses it self, and lies sublim'd upon the Beams; and so by its Poysonous Quality renders the Roof obnoxious to all Vermin. For this is certainly true, That let any Person who has taken a Mercurial Dose, but breath upon a Spider, and it will die immediately. This, said I, from a Surgeon is well enough; for Men of your Profession may take the Liberty of talking like Apothecaries, and not be Censur'd for it. But I think you have fitted me with a piece of as dark Philosophy as any's to be found in *Aristotle's* Master-Piece. Meeting with nothing further, much worth our Observation, I think it may not be improper to conclude our Remarks of this Place, with the Character of a Pettyfogger:

He's an Amphibious Monster, that partakes of two Natures, and those contrary: He's a great Lover both of Peace and Enmity; and has no sooner set People together by the Ears, but is Soliciting the Law to make an end of the Difference. His Mother was a Scold, and he begot at a Time when his Father us'd the Act more for Quietness sake than Procreation. His Learning is commonly as little as his Honesty; and his Conscience much larger then his Green-Bag. His affections to the Law proceed from the Litigiousness of his Ancestors. Nor is there any thing he abhors so much as Poverty in a Client. He is never more Proud then when he has a Fee for a topping Councel; and would make any body believe Sergeant such a one and he are as great as the Devil and the Earl of *Kent*. He gets Money in Term-time by sitting in a Tavern, for every Client that comes in he makes pay Six-pence for a Glass, till he has sold a Quart or two at that rate, and puts the overplus in his Pocket, he seems always as busie as a Merchant in Change-time; and if ever a Cause is carried that he's concern'd in, he tells you its owing to his management. He's a great lover of Veal, thro' the respect he has for Calves Skin: And admires the wonderful works of the Bee, more for the wax then Honey. He's a Man of so much Justice, that he loves all things should be done according to Law; and calls every Body Fool that pays a Debt till he has forc'd the Creditor to prove it in some of the Courts at *Westminster*. Unlike the rest of Mankind, he hates Peace in his Neighbourhood; and looks upon it that he sits Rent-free, if he be but happily seated among wrangling Neighbours. Catch him in what Company soever, you will always hear him stating of Cases, or telling what notice my Lord Chancellor took of him, when he beg'd Leave to supply the deficiency of his Councel. He always talks with as great assurance as if he understood what he only pretends to know: And always wears a Band, for in that lies his Gravity and Wisdom. He concerns himself with no Justice but the Justice of a Cause: And for making an unconscionable Bill, he out-does a Taylor. He is so well read in Physiognomy, that he knows a Knight of the Post by his Countenance; and if your Business requires the Service of such an Agent, he can pick you up one at a small Warning. He is very understanding in the Business of the *Old-Baily*; and knows as well how to Fee



a Jury-man as he does a Barrister. He has a rare knack at putting in Broomstick-Bail; and knows a great many more ways to keep a man out of his Money, then he does to get it him. He's very diligent in Business where Money's to be got, and runs backward and forward as nimbly, between the Lawyer and the Client, as a Rocket upon a string between two Posts. Tricks and Quirks he calls the cunning part of the Law; and that Attorney that practices the most Knavery, is the Man for his Money. His Study is abroad, his Learning all Experience, and his Library in his Pocket, which is always stuffed with as many Pappers as Poet Bay's in the *Reherfal*. He puts more Faith in the Law, then he does in the Gospel; and knows no other Religion than to get Money, he thinks nothing a breach of Charity but Starving of a good Cause; and has often that Text of Scripture in his Mouth, *viz. The Labourer is wortby of his hire*: Which is as much as to say he would not waste time to read a Chapter in the Bible without being paid for it. He's also a great News-monger, all publick Reports must occur to his knowledge, for his business lies most in a *Coffee-house*, and the greatest of his Diversion is in reading the News-Papers. He is commonly a great Smoker, and will walk half a Mile to a Tobacconists where he thinks he may have six corns more then ordinary for his Penny. Meet him wheresoever in Term-time, and ask him whither go you? And his answer shall be, *To Westminster*. And indeed you may find him in the Hall much oftener then he that has ten times the business there; for he is one of those that love to hear how other Peoples matters go, tho' it does not at all concern him. There's nothing that he abominates more, then to be thought Negligent; and has no other Virtue to boast on truly, but his Diligence; for no Man shall be more watchful in another's Ruin then himself. In short, He's a Catterpillar upon Earth, who grows fat upon the fruits of others Labour. A meer Horse-Leach in the Law, that when once he is well fasten'd, will suck a poor Client into a deep Consumption.

Having thus taken Notice of most things Remarkable in the Hall, we made our Exit from thence, and crost the Palace-Yard, on the East-side of which lay the Reliques of *Westminster* Stone Clock-Cafe, in a confus'd heap of Ruins. There's nothing, says my Friend, concerns me more, than to see any piece of Antiquity Demolish'd. It always puts me in mind of the Ignoble Actions of the Sanctified Rebels in the late Domestic Troubles, who made it their Business to deface old Images; and with Sacrilegious hands throw down the Urns, and spoile the Monuments of the Dead: A Base and Inglorious Revenge, to gratifie their Cholerick Zeal, by Robbing their own Native Country of its Ancient Beauties; a Crime abominated by the most Savage and Unpolish'd People in the whole Universe, and that *Christians* should be Guilty of such Barbarity that is held detestable amongst the worst of *Heathens*, it's very strange. I speak not this, says he, to reflect upon the Destruction of this old Steeple, which was wholly useless when they had remov'd the Clock to *St. Pauls*, which indeed is far more worthy of so Ponderous a Bell, that affords so grave a Sound, than the Place it stood in.

The common People have a Notion (but of no Authority as I know on) that this Bell was paid for by a Fine Levy'd upon some Judge, for



the Unlawful Determination of some weighty Affair, in which he suffer'd himself to be Brib'd to Partiality; and that it was converted to the use of a Clock, with this moral intent, That when ever it struck, it might be a warning to all succeeding Magistrates, in the Courts at *Westminster*, how they do Injustice. But if it were so, the Judges and Lawyers in this more Religious Age, are so free from Corruption, that they need no other Motives or Memorandums to discharge their Trust with Unbias'd Honesty than the Unering Dictates of their own good Conscience, so that my Loudmouth'd Name-sake might very well be spared to a better purpose, and hang within the hearing of all the Cuckolds in the City, to call their Wives twice a day to Prayers, that they may ask Forgiveness for the great Injury they did their Husbands the last opportunity: And also to proclaim, by the Gravity of its Sound, the Greatness of that Huge, huge, huge Cathedral, which is big enough to hold a great many more Souls than *Westminster-Abby*, tho' it is not half so handsome; and that's all, says my Friend, that can be said on't.

From the Palace-Yard we mov'd on Progressively, till we came to the Tennis Court, but could not for my Life imagine what place that could be, hung round with such a deal of Net-work; at last, thinks I, I have heard of such a place as a Plot-Office: I fancy this must be it, and those are the Projectors Nets to catch such *Jacobite* Fools who are drawn into the design. But however, not well satisfied with my own Notion, I thought it proper to enquire of my Friend before I told him my Sentiments, lest thro' an Innocent mistake I should give him just occasion to Laugh at my Ignorance; and he inform'd me 'twas a conveniency built for the Noble Game of Tennis, a very delightful Exercise, much us'd by Persons of Quality; and is attended with these two extraordinary good Properties, it is very Healthful to him that plays at it, and is very Profitable to him that keeps it. And rightly considered, its a good Emblem of the World: As thus: The Gamsters are the Great Men, the Rackets are the Laws, which they hold fast in their hands, and the Balls are we little Mortals which they bandy backwards or forwards from one to t'other as their own Wills and Pleasure directs 'em.

We pass'd by this, and went forward to *White-Hall*, whose Ruins we view'd with no less Concern, then the unhappy Fate of such a Noble Structure must needs beget in each considerate beholder, especially when they reflect upon the honour it had to entertain the best and greatest of Princes, in their highest State and Grandeur, for several preceding Ages; and now at last to be consumed by Flames near so much Water, who cannot grieve to see that Order, which the hands of Artists, at the cost of Kings, had improv'd to that Delight and Stateliness lie dissolv'd in a heap of Rubbish. Those spacious Rooms where Majesty has sat so oft, attended with the transcending Glories of his Court, the Just, the Wise, the Brave, and Beautiful, now huddled in Confusion, and nothing more can boast themselves but dirt and ashes; as if the Misfortunes of Princes were visited upon their Palaces, as well as Persons, to manifest to the World more clearly, that an overruling Power, and not Accident, decreed their Sufferings.

After we had taken a survey of the Ruins, and spent some melancholly



choly thoughts upon the tatter'd Object, that lay in Dust before us, we walk'd on thro' several out Courts, till we came into a place my Friend told me was *Scotland-Yard*, where Gentlemen Soldiers lay basking in the Sun, like so many lazy Swine upon a warm Dunghil. I stood a little while Ruminating on the great Unhappiness of such a Life, and could not restrain my Thoughts from giving a Character of that unfortunate Wretch, who in time of War hazzards his Life for Six-pence a day, and that perhaps ne'er paid him; and in time of Peace has nothing to do but to keep Guard and Loiter.

A Foot Soldier is commonly a Man who for the sake of wearing a Sword, and the Honour of being term'd a Gentleman, is coax'd from a Handicraft Trade, whereby he might live comfortably, to bear Arms for his King and Country, whereby he has the hopes of nothing but to live Starvingly. His Lodging is as near Heaven as his Quarters can raise him; and his Soul generally is as near Hell as a Profligate Life can sink him. To speak without swearing he thinks a Scandal to his Post; and is very Proud of that Cloth, which Wiser People are asham'd of. He makes many a Meal upon Tobacco, which keeps the inside of his Carcase as Nasty as his Shirt. He's a Champion for the Church, because he Fights for Religion, tho' he never hears Prayers except they be Read upon a Drum-head. He's often times seen to stand Centinel over an Oister-tub, in the Absence of his flat-cap Mistress, who has him more at Command than his Officer. He often leads a Sober Life against his will; and when ever he gets Drunk, it is in a Bawdy-house. He can never pass by a Brandy-shop with two-pence in his Pocket; for he as Naturally loves Strong-Waters as a Turk does Coffee. He is generally belov'd by two sorts of Companions, *viz.* Whores and Lice; for both these Vermin are great Admirers of a Scarlet Coat. No Man humbles himself more upon the committing of a Fault, for he bowes his Head to his Heels, and lies bound by the hour to his good Behaviour. He is a Man of Undaunted Courage; and dreads no Enemies so much as he does the Wooden-horse, which makes him hate to be Mounted; and rather chooses to be a Foot Soldier. He's a Man, that when upon guard, always keeps his Word; and obeys his Officer as Indians do the Devil, not thro' Love but Fear; He makes a Terrible Figure in a Country Town, and makes the old Women watch their Poultry more than a Gang of Gipsies. He seldom wants the two good Properties of Begging and Thieving, without which he would be but a poor Traveller. When once he has been in a Battle, it's a hard matter to get him out of it; for where-ever he comes he's always talking of the Action, in which he tells you he was posted in the greatest danger; and seems to know more of the matter than the General. Scars, tho' got in Drunken Quarrels, he makes Badges of his Bravery; and tells you they were Wounds receiv'd in some Engagement, tho' perhaps given him for his Sawciness. He's one that Loves Fighting no more than other Men; tho' perhaps a dozen of Drink and an affront, will make him draw his Sword; yet a Pint and a good Word, will make him put it up again. Let him be in never so many Campaigns in *Flanders*, he contracts but few Habits of a *Dutchman*, for you shall oftener see him with his Fingers in his Neck than his Hands in his Pockets. He has the Pleasure once a Week, when he receives his Subsistence, of boasting he has Money in his Breeches; and for all he's a Soldier owes no Man a Groat, which is likely enough to be true, because no Body will

will trust him. Hunger and Loufiness are the two Distempers that Afflict him; and Idleness and Scratching the two Medicines that Palliate his Miseries. If he spends Twenty years in Wars, and lives to be Forty, perhaps he may get a Halbert; and if he Survives Threescore, an Hospital. The best end he can expect to make, is to Die in the Bed of Honour; and the greatest Living Marks of his Bravery, to recommend him at once to the Worlds Praise and Pitty, are Crippld Limbs, with which I shall leave him to begg a better Lively-hood.

*To a Coblers Aul, or Butchers Knife,  
Or Porters Knot, Commend me;  
But from a Souldiers Lazy Life,  
Good Heaven pray defend me.*

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**F I N I S.**

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